
Title: EXPEDITION JOURNAL

Author:

BOOK II

Day Seventeen... It's been about four days since Salem received the fatal blow, and some strange events have happened. Three children entered the camp before midnight, claiming to be childhood friends of his. When she saw them, Iane let out a fearsome scream and collapsed, and the little strangers made a hasty retreat into the night. How could children be childhood friends of a man in his late thirties?

Day Eighteen... This morning around breakfast, Iane explained that the childhood companions were only illusions that Salem used to create to entertain himself, and if the illusions still existed, then Salem must still be alive. We will seek advice when we return to Tenebrae.

Day Nineteen... After a rugged day of travel yesterday, we all expected a much needed and well deserved rest in Tenebrae, but it was not to be. As soon as the door to our leased cabin was opened, those three children were lurking about inside. Still they pleaded for us to rescue Salem, and we had decided to let them stay with us and investigate their claims in the morning. The

fact that they knew our
destination before we did
unnerves me to no end.
There was no sleep to be
had with the mournful
gaze of the oldest child
(who calls himself Collin)
watching me all night.

Day Twenty... Today we
went on a wild chase
with the fire brigade as
they attempted to douse
several fires that started
simultaneously around
Tenebrae when a shower
of flaming stones rained
from the sky. Ianes
skirts caught fire, and
she raised quite a stir
when she leapt into the
Tempest's fountain to
douse them, and
discovered it was stocked
with snapping eels!

Day Twenty-One... We
have spent the day on
the road, following the
directions of Collin. He
has offered no
information about Salem's
condition other than he
needs help. After what I
saw happen to him, there
is no way he could be
alive. What kind of help
does a dead person need?
I guess we will find out
tomorrow.

Day Twenty-Two... The
black shadow of the keep
still falls over us as the
sun rises on the other
side. The silence and cold
here is not natural, and
Warwick is convinced we
are being watched from
the twisted spires. I am
going to carry my
speaking stone into the
place, and it will
recognize Salem without
error.